

Miscellaneous.

THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE.

Thirty years ago, an old house was standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three, and she had not taken anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of the year, and neither fire nor warm clothes; and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is some body or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"Of she was with anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of every thing."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. He sat down at the table, and a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short "Good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked stair case. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his late absence.

"I could not help it," he said, "I had been copying a manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horse of two ladies who were passing through; they were just at the door, and I had to go. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"It is never cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and she succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am much mistaken it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted and he had now approached them.

"Pardon!" said he, "why that is Masani. What are you married?"

"He does not say a thing at all," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Masani had, however, whispered a single word to the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said, "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you."

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would so strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your views from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched califf?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord Duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who has been not too deeply despised, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the Queen of the mightiest nation in the universe, and now both of us alike. But, adieu," she said, suddenly drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord Duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your lady to the carriage."

A slight cough tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gently commanding tone:

"Leave us, my lord Duke, it is my pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then he was gone.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Masani; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written:

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune: one hundred I send for your use."

"GUISE."

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th February, 1642. A low sound of mourning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a being of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he tumbled up the falling staircase: "Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he sisted an arm of the corpse, and in a moment more he was in motion, and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary de Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christiana, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and of the young Duke of Angoulême, and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

SCOTLAND'S INDUSTRY.—The Baron Dupplin, the French Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, has recently published the first part of a labor of the French Commissioners in the industry of Nations. In explaining results and differences, he makes the following remarks:

"The Atlas of the North, with its naked mountains, its frozen uplands, and its sky of iron—Scotland—needs to the different nations, more productions of its soil and its arts than the vast country of Mexico, with its silver mines, worked by hundreds, its eternal spring, its sunshine like that of Egypt, and its vegetation, in the presence of which even that of the ancient promised land, and the wonderful East is weak. Scotland, with her numerous flocks helps to feed London, the city of two million five hundred thousand souls."

By the works of two of her sons, Adam Smith and James Watt, she has anticipated England in the study of riches: uniting practice with theory, she has drawn from the vapors of water the most powerful and most obedient of moving forces, in order to apply to an infinite variety of arts. At this day Great Britain builds a large number of iron steamships that are built by all the nations of Europe put together; and of this wonderful work of Great Britain, little Scotland does more than the half."

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, AND ITS SOUTHERN MASTERS.

AIR—Heavenly Union.

Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell

What certain Pharisees befall,

Who did their Christian brothers sell,

And did exclaim—"God dath things well,"

And talk of Christian Union,

These 'converts' did agree

To publish tracts on Slavery,—

Enjoining masters kind to be,—

And send them wide o'er land and sea,

Through all this blessed Union,

But soon their Southern masters heard,

And all their pious wrath was stirred,

And they declared that not a word

From these 'fanatics' should be heard;

Or they'd dissolve the union!

They said, if we're a mind to steal,

And on our brothers place our heel,

What right have they to make appeal,

Pretending that they seek our weal,—

And thus great disunion?

We'll threaten, if they still persist,

We'll with our funds no more assist;

They for a time will equip and twist,

But 'money soon will make them twist,

And keep them in the Union.

The tidings through the nation flew,

Which soon a host together drew,

Who asked their God what they should do,

Who said, Be to your master true,

With 'thieves' if you'll have Union.

They said, Though slavery is a sin,

As we're in pressing want of 'tin,'

We will not brand 't' accursed thing,

But to the wind's our conscience fling;

And with the 'thieves' keep Union.

We'll hence to 'men-stealers' be true,

And always take a 'South Side View';

For we're convinced it will not do

To part from such a 'pirate' crew,

And thus break up the Union.

Then there arose some noble men,

Protesting both with tongue and pen,

Who spoke in language strong and plain,

And spurned the proffered gyve and chain,

And such unchurl Union.

Divided thus they took the field,

Some to oppose, but more to yield;

Dexter the shafts of truth did wield;

'Gainst which the cravens sought to shield

With thieves their cherished Union.

Next CHEEVER's thundering voice was heard,

And all who'd life in them were stirred;

And many trembled north his word:

Some said—"It is the voice of God,"

With sin to have no Union.

Though we're informed the end's not yet,

The right we're sure the victory'll get,

When 'truth and mercy' once are met,

The sun upon no slave shall set,

And then shall we have Union.

O hasten, Lord, that joyous day,

When man on man no more shall prey,

When every wrong shall pass away,

And all who on the earth shall stay

Shall stay in holy Union.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

A writer in the *Household Words* has been giving sketches describing scenes, life, occurrences, and the administration of civil government in India. In one of his articles we find the following description of a convention of monkeys. The following remarkable incident is related as an actual fact:

About two miles from the bungalow to which we were proceeding, we overtook a tribe of large monkeys. I should say there were as many as a hundred, and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just, in short, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of this tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was no doubt the chief. It was a very old sight, and I thought great interest in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on hand; and the fact of each carrying a stick led us to conclude that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like ours, evidently Deolband, where there are some hundreds of monkeys fed by a number of Brahmins, who lived near a Hindu temple there, and perform religious ceremonies. They (the monkey regiment), would not get out of the road on our account, nor disturb themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks, or over any of them, for when assailed they are most ferocious brutes; and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to let the members of which now that they were near Deolband, began to chatter frantically. Just before we came to the bungalow, they left the road and took the direction of the temple. Fain would we have followed them, but to do so in the buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over some very rough ground, and were too numerous to be followed. My friend therefore requested the sows to follow them, and report all they might observe of their actions.

My friend now mentioned to the Khanamah, a very old, but very active and intelligent man, the sight we had seen on the road—the regiment of monkeys.

"Ah," exclaimed the old man, "it is about the time."

"What time?"

"Well, Sahib, about every five years that tribe comes up the country to pay a visit to this place; and another tribe comes about the same time from the up country—the hills. They meet in a jungle behind the old Hindu temple, and there embrace each other as though they were human beings; and old friends who had been parted for a long time, I have seen in that jungle as many as four or five thousand. The Brahmins say that one large tribe comes all the way from Ajmere, and another from the southern side of the country, and from Nepal and Patna. There were hundreds of monkeys here this morning, but now I do not see one. I suppose they have gone to welcome their friends."

The sows who had been deputed to follow the tribe now rode up, and reported that, near the old temple, there was an army of apes—an army of forty thousand! One of the Sows, in the true spirit of Oriental exaggeration, expressed himself to the effect that it would be easier to count the

hairs of one's head than the number there assembled.

"Let us go and look at them," I suggested, and by the time we returned the holy men were stirring.

"But we will not go on foot, said my friend, 'we will ride the sows' horses. In the first place, I have an instinctive horror of apes, and should like to have the means of getting away from them speedily, if they become too familiar or offensive. In the second place, I do not wish to fatigue myself by so long a walk in the heat of the day."

We mounted the horses and were soon at the spot indicated by the sows. There were not so many as had been represented; but I am speaking very far within bounds, when I state that there could not have been fewer than eight hundred, and some of them of an enormous size. I could scarcely have believed that there were so many monkeys in the world if I had not visited Benares, and heard of the tribes at Gwalior. Their sticks, which were thrown together in a heap, formed a very large stock of wood.

"What is this?" my friend said to one of the Brahmins; for since his appointment he had never heard of this gathering of apes.

"It is the place where they go to pay the reply. Just as Hindus, at stated times, go to Huzoor, Magpore, and other places, so do these monkeys come to this holy place."

"And how long do they stay?"

"For three or four days, they go away to their homes in different parts of the country; then attend to their business for four or five years; then come again, and do so, and so, on, sir, to the end of all time. You see that very tall monkey there, with two smaller ones on either side of him?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, that is a very old monkey. His age is more than twenty years, I think. I first saw him fifteen years ago. He was then full grown.—His name is 'the old man,' and he is the son of the Brahmin at the Soot Khan, near Meerut. The smaller ones are his sons, sir. They have never been here before; and you see he is showing them all about the place, like a very good father."

Having seen enough of the 'sacred animals' we returned to the bungalow.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished or origin a matter of personal merit or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not appear to me to be born a low-caste, but my elder brother and sister were born in a log cabin; raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from the first chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. 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